

THE EATON DEMOCRAT.

A Family Newspaper—devoted to POLITICS, MORALS, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, MECHANICS, COMMERCIAL ITEMS, SHORT NARRATIVES, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, &c.—Two Dollars per Annum, in Advance.

JOSEPH Z. REEDER,

"ABOVE ALL THINGS, TRUTH BEARETH AWAY THE VICTORY."

EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

NEW SERIES.

EATON, O., THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1847.

VOL. 4, NO. 42

THE EATON DEMOCRAT
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
West and opposite the Court House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
\$2.00, a year, strictly in Advance.
\$2.50 if paid within the year.
\$3.00 if not paid until the subscription year has expired.

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POETRY.

Written for the Eaton Democrat.
To a melancholy Friend.

BY MRS. J. Z. REEDER.

Throw off that down-cast look, sweet Kate,
Put on a smiling face;
And think not yours a friendless fate,
Nor give despair a place.

Your mind doth dwell too much upon
The changes of your lot;
You fancy that your joys are gone—
That you are quite forgot.

The friends that have forsok you, Kate,
Were never worth your care;
Pretended love was naught but hate—
Kind words were empty air.

Cheer up, then, Kate, there yet are friends,
Who cherish still for you,
Friendship which love and kindness blend,
That's lasting, firm and true.

The parts gone—its hopes and fears,
Its gilded dreams and toys:
You may yet have, in coming years,
Still more substantial joys.
July 15, 1847.

MISCELLANY.

[Special Correspondence of the Democrat.]
"One half of the World does not know
what the other half does."

Fulton—No. 2.

MR. EDITOR:—In my former communication I gave some description of Fulton, representing it as a "world of wonders"—all true. I will proceed to give you something on the character and influence of the people and I wish you timely to understand that I am not always going to harp on Fulton—something else soon. In the Democrat of the 1st inst., you ask me for my definition of the word "soon," and I answer promptly, that it is as good as to say, within a few weeks.

Fulton is an incorporated town, and has been for several years, and our long and crowded line up—down the river, is crowded with *Solomans*; and in fact, the people here, "viewing them up one side, and down the other," and taking them in the aggregate, are a tolerably "brainy folk." The text for the case in hand is, "The big fish will eat up the little ones."

I. There are several monopolizers in business here, especially the owners of ship-yards. They employ a vast amount of laborers—ship carpenters, black-smiths, mill hands, ox-drivers, slab-choppers, runners, and so on. The calculation of the admirable worthiness to be nourished by the employment afforded them; and, in fact, they stand as the guardians of the temporal interests of the people. The consequence of this kind of operation is, that the employers are making large fortunes out of the labor and hard toil of their hired hands, and these workmen are wearing down their constitutions, and making only a good living, and on the most economical plan: a number of them are "keeping soul and body together"—and no more. Some of them are getting tired of this kind of aristocracy, and intend to be very industrious and saving for a while, and try to get a piece of land and move into the country, and try to live like white people.

II. Several years past, there was a charter given to a turn-pike company, and in order to be gainers thereby, they placed their gate near the city corporation line, taxing the citizens of Fulton for traveling their own street. The sovereign power of the people broke out against this, and the turn-pike company had to move their gate to the upper end of town, where they should have placed it at first.

III. A charter was given to "the Little Miami Rail Road Company," which is the largest fish that swims in our waters. This company was very polite at first, like the porcupine when he entered the pelican's nest. When the pelican complained that the porcupine's quills annoyed him, the porcupine replied that if his quills were offensive he might go and make himself another nest. The Rail Road company made many promises, and got half a mile of the pike and street in Fulton, and Front street in Cincinnati, so as to place their Depot at Deer Creek, and as the citizens think, in an under-handed way, soon began to act the porcupine. It would all be well enough if the railroad company would take their track along the side-hill all the way, and

make it at their own expense, but they were glad to get into the street, and have every thing their own way at the expense of the turn-pike company, and the citizens; and as their business is increasing rapidly, they are about to run over every body, and every thing that comes in reach of them, and now the porcupine must be routed, or the pelican must make herself another nest.

The citizens of Fulton held orderly public meetings, and discussed the subject of rail-road encroachments, which they readily agreed was too grievous to be borne any longer—spoke of monopolies, and high and exclusive privileges in real Jeffersonian style; and published their "manifesto," by a committee—both Whigs and Democrats—going in for a full share of the whole-some doctrine of the rights and powers of the sovereign people. The following language they hold in their "manifesto," drafted by a Whig, who for the time being, had lost sight of the creed of his party. After intimating that corporations, where the whole people with in its limits could have equal power and privileges—such as the corporation of Fulton, &c., he holds that "money and power are in continual danger of escaping from the many to the few," and that as well as those powerful and money-absorbing corporations might do in good and proper hands, yet such is the state of things, that they cannot be trusted, and concludes by saying, "We have come to the deliberate conclusion that corporations are any thing but favorable to the true spirit of popular rights and human freedom." What the end of this contest will be, I cannot tell, being neither a prophet or a sooth-sayer.

July, 1847.

Evening.

There are two periods in the life of a man to which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting; Youth and Old Age. In youth we love its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its soothing shade and sweet serenity. Amid these scenes, we can commune with those we love, and twine the wreath of friendship, while there are none to witness, but the generous Heaven, and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbath there. We look abroad on creation, spread in the slumber of a moonlight scene around; and wrapt in contemplation, fancy we see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other and purer worlds. It accords with the lighter flow of youthful spirits, the fervency of fancy, and the soft feelings of the heart. Evening is also delightful to virtuous age. It affords hours of undisturbed thought. It seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of a busy life, serene and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it. It spreads its quiet wings above the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

William Penn on Marriage.

Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely. If love be not thy chief motive, thou wilt soon grow weary of a married state, and stray from thy promise to search out pleasure in forbidden places. They that marry for money cannot have the true satisfaction of marriage, requisite means being wanted. O how sordid is man grown! Man, the noblest creature in the world! As a god on earth, and the image of Him that made us; thus to mistake earth for heaven, and worship gold for God.

Benevolence is a Duty.

He who frequently practises it, and sees his benevolent intentions resisted, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good.—When therefore, it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," it is not meant thou shalt love him first, and do good to him in consequence of that love, but thou shalt do good to thy neighbor, and this thy benevolence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fullness and consummation of the inclination to do good.

Western Eloquence.

An Illinois lawyer defending a thief, wound up his speech to the jury in behalf of his injured client, with the following rousing appeal: "True he was roud—so are our bars. True he was rough—so air our buffaloes. But he was a child of freedom and his answer to the despot and the tyrant was, that his home was in the bright setting sun."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Government of Husbands.

"Don't tell me," said Miss Giffin, "kindness is the true killer. I often illustrate the agreeable fact, for in Capisient House, no natural object is lost upon." For instance, last Tuesday, when the milk punch class was on, an enormous wasp came like a Lilliputian dragon, into the room, and flew from girl to girl. Immediately they began to scream. I own it; this is the sad weakness I have to fight against; but somehow, girls consider screams as a property they're born to. Some of the girls flew at the wasp with handkerchiefs, and that little rebel, Miss Fluke, seized a fire screen. Feeling that the time was coming for me to show my energy, I exclaimed with all my natural vigor, "Silence, ladies! silence, for a moral and an example!"—my usual mode of speech when about to submit any natural object to a social, or, I should say to a conjugal illustration.

"A moral and an example!" cried the girls, and, excepting that Fluke—they were as still as mice.

"Bring me the salad cruet," was my command; and, with a thought, the salad cruet stood on the table.

"Now, young ladies," I observed, taking a pen, "now for the moral and example. You are here to be finished for sensible, affectionate, and above all, controlling wives. You are here to learn how best to subdue your natural enemies—that is, to govern the men who may become your husbands. Yes, ladies—for somehow (I can always tell) I felt the flow of my words was coming, and it was not for me, as a woman, to stop it—yes, ladies, the Griffinian system will teach you how to control and castrate your tyrants. Man marrying us, puts a gold ring upon the third finger, and, in the arrogance of his heart makes us, he thinks, a blushing captive. And shall not man, also, wear a ring on his ring finger?"

"At this point, Miss Fluke proposed three cheers, but with a look and a brow of thunder, I stopped her. 'If,' said I, 'we must wear his ring upon our finger, let him—and not know it, poor wretch! for that's the true triumph—let him wear our ring in his nose.' Here Miss Fluke jumped upon a chair and huzzad, and—this time I did not attempt to suppress the natural burst of delight so honorable to their feelings—all the other girls joined in the shout.

"A ring in his nose," I repeated, 'not the bit of shining gold that declares our slavery, but an invisible, a fairy ring, that—like a fish with a hook—he knows nothing about, only that he must follow wherever it pulls him. Bless you, my dears!'

"And, dearest madam," asked Miss Pebbles, a girl I have the greatest hopes of, "dearest madam, how is the nose of our natural enemy to be rung?"

"Listen," said I, "listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and an example."

"When the wasp now in the window entered the room, you flew at it with all kinds of violence. I wonder it didn't sting every one of you. Now, in future, let a wasp, when it comes, have its little bout, and make its little noise; don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip—but be quiet as a statue of Venus, or Diana, or any body of that sort, until the wasp seems inclined—as at this moment—to settle. Then do as I do now."—Whereupon, dipping the feathered end of the pen in the cruet of salad oil, I approached the wasp, and in the softest and tenderest manner possible, just oiled it upon the body—the black and yellow, like *capone's* waistcoats—when down it fell, turned upon its back, and was dead in a minute. "There girls," said I, "see what kindness—what a little oil does. Now, here's my moral and example.—When a husband comes home in an ill humor, don't cry out and fly at him; but try a little oil—in fact, treat your husband like a wasp."

Particular Reason.

Doctor X—was skipping in the midst of a crowd of pretty women at Madame de St. C's. "Doctor," inquired a dowager, "you attend on the L— family—how are they?" Really, madame, I cannot inform you; I have not been near them for a month past. "Why so?" For particular reasons—but I beg pardon, madame, I am engaged for the next dance. "Monsieur Mary, persisted the lady, turning to the celebrated Marseilles poet, 'do you know how Doctor X—has dropped the L— family?' 'Alas madame they have dropped him.' The last member of it was buried a month ago.

If you wish your onions to grow very large, take the dirt from around them.

Highly Important from Mexico.

The Position of Gen. Scott.

The New Orleans Delta of the 24 inst says:
We yesterday received files of Mexican papers from the Capital, to and of the 12th ult. dates three days later than any previously received. We make from them a series of extracts which are given below. We find in them no evidences of that formidable, fearful opposition to the advance of Gen. Scott, the apprehension of which, for the last day or two so alarmed the nerves of some of the more sensitive of our contemporaries. The same unsettled, indecisive, neutralizing policy, seems to prevail at the Capital, which has so long been characteristic of Mexican policy.—We hear nothing of those thirty thousand of an army, which, with a valor equalled only by that evinced by the troops of a celebrated King of France, who marched up and down an eminence—were marching out to attack and annihilate Gen. Scott in his quarters at Puebla.

Santa Anna, it seems, however ambitious he may be to play the Dictator, is rather shy in proclaiming his preferences, he appears to think that as he can get along, through minus half his "understanding," he can keep the government moving, though resting on a fraction of a ministry.

THE WAR.—The files before us contain full reviews of the opinions of the different newspapers throughout the country, which number about twenty, and with but one single exception (in Durango) they are all fully in favor of the war.

THE DICTATORSHIP.—El Monitor Republicano of the 12th ult., contains a lengthy article on the subject of the Dictatorship. Up to that date Santa Anna was not proclaimed, nor had he proclaimed himself, dictator. Indeed, the Monitor ridiculed the idea that he designed to become one.—The rumor to that effect which prevailed in the capital, is alleged to have originated with and been propagated by his enemies and the enemies of the country.

NO CHANGE OF POLICY.—The Monitor asserts that the new cabinet is not to be entirely formed of *Puros*, (Democrats), as stated in some of the journals, and that the new Ministers, will carry out the policy of their predecessors. Santa Anna thinks that without a full Ministry—with the Ministers of war and Finance, together with the clerks in the Bureau of Foreign Relations—he will be able, for the time being, to carry on the government.

In an article published in the same paper of the 10th, we find the following paragraph:

"There is no doubt but that the majority of the nation is in favor of carrying on the war, and we are, consequently, convinced that it is impossible to enter into any arrangement for peace; were it to be concluded, it would prove fatal to the nationality of Mexico. The defenders of the nation are, therefore, encouraged with brilliant hopes of final success, as it is undoubted that the position in which the United States finds itself must, in the end, secure us triumphant success, notwithstanding our former disasters. All of us who sincerely wish the continuation of the war, look upon an equivocal policy as dangerous, and all overtures of peace a perilous means to secure it; for this reason we are opposed to any change in the politics which may give it a pacific appearance."

Curious Disguise.

In the village of Mennecy they had a fete on the first of May. The young girls waited upon Middle D—, an old actress of the *boulevard*, who lives in a very pretty little chateau near the village, and they requested her to lend them some white wings and other adjustments of the same color.

"What do you intend to do with them?" said the actress.
"Madame, next Sunday is the fete day of the country, and Monsieur the Curate, wishes that we should disguise ourselves as virgins."

I like independence in everything, and infinitely prefer doing anything myself to being waited upon; for generally speaking, it is the master who waits, and not the man.

PLEASANTRY.

An editor of a Boston paper wrote home from this point as follows:

"The ladies of Cincinnati promenade, at twilight without anything upon their heads, and merely a white pocket handkerchief over their shoulders. You cannot imagine how odd this seems to an Eastern person, but I must acknowledge that it is far preferable to the Eastern style of dress, where a lady is obliged, by the dictates of fashion, to wear a bonnet and a shawl or cloak, to go even from one house to another. There is a sociability and freshness about the Western ladies that I admire."

A few nights since a young man at the Italian Opera in Boston attempted to throw a huge bouquet with which he had provided himself, on to the stage. Unfortunately it lodged on one of the chandeliers just without the reach of his cane. Excited and wrought up by the occasion, the failure, and the vain attempts to restore the bouquet, he cried aloud to some of his companions to help him get it from its position adding force to entreaties by saying that it cost him twenty dollars!

An Irish footman being one dark night sent for some beer, took with him the key of the street door, to let himself in; and having tipped off three or four glasses of gin and bitters at the bar, he could not on his return open the door. After having tried in vain, one of the servants heard him, and at letting him in, asked him what he had been about so long. "You may well say that," said Pat, "you may indeed—for I have been a quarter of an hour trying to unlock the door—but while I was gone to the alehouse, some of your rascally London thieves have stolen the key-hole, but it will be no use to them; for I have got the key in my pocket."

A shoemaker being at work, his awl broke, whereupon the shoemaker cursed his useless instrument. His wife then reminded him that he was breaking an express command of Scripture, which says, "Swear not at all."

A spruce looking Lieutenant, under the ten regiment bill, asking a friend what he would be taken for without his epaulettes, was answered that he would be taken for debt.

Names of Rivers.

Monongahela—Falling in of banks. Muskingum—The Elk's eye. Mississippi—Father of rivers. Ohio—Five or fair river. Potomac, signifies the river of Swans.

An Alabama Editor makes apology for the lack of editing, by saying, "The babe in the woods." "The babe in the woods," he says, "have shirtd."

"kush, kush," makes you use the other day I asked Jane what made her back stick out so, and she said kush!

Attention! the whole!

A pamphlet has been issued by Andrew B. Smolnixan, which gives notice to all men and women that a Convention will be held on the 12th of August next, in Trumbull county, Ohio, to prepare for the millennium.

Absent Mindedness.

A man got up the other night and took, as he supposed, a card of matches, and began to break off one by one trying to light a lamp, until the whole card was used up without accomplishing his object, when he found he had used up his wife's comb!

A Yankee has invented a new kind of ink, call the "love-letter ink," which is a sure safe-guard against actions for breach of promise of marriage, as the ink fades away and leaves the sheet blank, in about four weeks after the letter has been written.

SUNDAY.—The criminal neglect of one religious opportunity, will most probably indispose and unfit you for the next.—Roby.